THE OBSERVER.

BY BEATRICE IRONSIDE.

THE FRIEND OF SOCRATES, THE FRIEND OF PLATO,
BUT ABOVE ALL, THE FRIEND OF TRUTH.

BALTIMORE: Printed (for the Editor) by JOSEPH ROBINSON, and publiſhed every Saturday morning, at No. 4, North Charles-ſtreet; where Subſcriptions, Communications, Advertiſements, &c. are received.....Terms of ſubſcription, Five Dollars a year, payable in advance.

Vol. I. *Saturday, May* 16, 1807. *No.* 20.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Among intelligent beings, the intercourse of society ought not to be limited to an insipid commerce of vanity and insincerity. If men are civilized by the gentle intercourse of the fair sex, they in their turn, stand in need of the society of men to awaken their vivacity, and rouse them from that negligent, peevish langour, to which they would resign themselves, if they were not animated by the desire of pleasing. This desire communicates a grace to their actions, and a charm to their conversation, and by a happy contrast of qualities they mutually improve each other—but, that the benefit of this improvement might take place, more attention should be bestowed on female education. The lively faculties of women should not be tied down wholly to the dressing of caps, flouncing of gauze, and spangling of hemmings. To exclude us from intellectual endowments, is to treat us upon the Mahometan system, and deny us a a soul, and I cannot sufficiently regret, when I consider the quickness of their conceptions, and the progress some have made in various studies, the little value set upon female understanding.

Women are much more capable of attention and application than is generally allowed, and only want that attention to be directed to proper objects. There are scarcely any young persons of my acquaintance within the reach of a circulating library, who do not, with the utmost eagerness and avidity, read all the Romances and idle Novels, they can lay their hands on, and a genius capable of soaring to the sublimest subjects, descends to the adoption of that vitiated taste for the marvellous and improbable, which only corrupts their minds with false notions of things, while they remain profoundly ignorant of the history of their own country, and know nothing of the map on which they live.

What greater felicity does man experience than in the conversation of an agreeable woman? a woman who possesses a strong mind, with a vivacity that never slumbers, and a disposition to aid and participate in all intellectual and moral joys; who is as solicitous to improve her mind, as others are merely to decorate their persons. In the society of such women eve-

ry thing becomes interesting, and receives those delicate touches which they alone are capable of giving...The delightful art of making ingenious reflections, with an air of simplicity is peculiar to them. Let women, then, especially those who fill the superior ranks in the circle of fashion, endeavour to improve their taste, and learn useful accomplishments. When once their merit is known, it will banish from their presence those swarms of idlers, who endeavour to render them as contemptible as themselves. Men of more sense and higher estimation will be forward to attend them, and will form a circle round them more worthy of the name of *good company*. By qualifying themselves, for an intercourse with persons of genius and merit, they will always have a resource against the gloom of solitude, and have no tiresome, dull hours to fill up with gossipping, slander and cards; but will unite the advantages of both sexes in their own lovely persons.

——————"For if our virtues
"Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike,
"As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
"But to fine issues; nor nature never lends
"The smallest scruple of her excellence,
"But like a thrifty Goddess she determines
"Herself the glory of a creditor—
"Both thanks and use."——————*Measure for Measure.*

C. M.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

...."*That thus*
We may with patience *bear our ills.*"

COWPER.

"*Man in his present state, is subject to a variety of fortunes,*" passed, and repassed my mind without any intermission for a whole evening....I was at a very great loss to find out, why this was so interwoven with my thoughts? and while revolving conjectures to find the cause, my last night's dream was laid fully open to my view.

I dreamed, that on a certain very beautiful evening, the latter part of last month, I sallied forth from my habitation to enjoy the balmy fragrance of the season, when on a sudden, I found myself at an immense distince from home, and on the summit of an extraordinary high hill; and from this summit, the following objects presented themselves: viz—Directly before me I discovered a great variety of appearances, and particularly a vast number of human beings, all busily employed. Looking a little to the right, I saw an immense large wheel, which revolved on an axis, firm as adamant. My attention was immediately taken up with this machine, and I directly moved towards it. As I drew nearer I discovered on its side, in letters of gold, THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

After having gratified my curiosity in viewing this machine,

I turned a little further to my right for the purpose of indulging my thoughts, for a moment, on these remarkable circumstances, when the figure of an aged father struck my sight. His garments were much tattered ; his whole appearance bespoke a man of poverty ; a man who had experienced no small share of the troubles of this life. Although his situation appeared to be so very lamentable, yet in his countenance shone benignity and love. I walked towards the place where Father Francis (for this was his name) was employed, and could not after a little conversation, refrain asking him how it was possible for him, under such circumstances, to manifest such serenity of look?...And how it was, that so much ease and peace of mind were possessed by him?... I told him I thought it very remarkable that nature, under such circumstances, could so fortify herself, as to support a person of his age.

I was answered and replied to by Father Francis nearly in these words :—" I have found, my son, the words of the apostle to be the very essence of truth ; *godliness with contentment is great gain* ; and an experimental knowledge of this, is the reason why, under such circumstances I am enabled to manifest a serenity of soul: And *I am determined in whatever state I am, therewith to be content.* You see that wheel asked this father." I told him I did. " Time was when I, who you now behold in this *apparently* unhappy situation, was seated on its summit. I have known what it was to be caressed, and what is was to be honoured : my prospects for continuing to enjoy what I then possessed, seemed certainly of the best ; but an unlucky, or *lucky* turn, threw me from that place of *supposed* felicity to my present forlorn condition. At first I felt this turn of fortune very forcibly, but after many efforts to regain my former standing, which proved ineffectual, I determined to seek after rest in that country to which I am fast hastening. These locks, continued he, are blossoming for my subterraneous abode ; and when they are beneath the clods of the valley, my better part, the jewel of this crazy casket, will be brought forth to shine in the full blaze of uncreated day."

Just as father Francis closed this interesting sentence, we were overshadowed by a white cloud, and from it proceeded these words : " These sentiments are the effects of *repentance* and *faith.* Come home pilgrim, the crown is ready ; the palms are waiting to be bestowed ; the doors are giving way for your admission into the new Jerusalem."

In a moment Father Francis was invisible !

I was indeed very much agitated, at this uncommon circumstance ; and turned myself round to give scope to reflection. I thought how excellent a thing religion surely is ; and how admirably calculated to make people of all sorts happy. No matter what their condition in life is, if they have Christ in them, the hope of glory, they are ineffably blessed.

My reflections were interrupted by a very great noise, attend-

ed with much bitterness, and many oaths. I walked towards the place from whence this noise proceded, and there I found poor Jonathan. This poor man had been favoured with the good things of this life. He lived in all the grandeur of the gay; he moved in the polished circles; in fact he had all the things this world could afford, to render a man completely happy.

I wondered very much to find Jonathan here; but wondered much more to find him in that deplorable situation. He was tossing himself from side to side; damning his ill fortune, and the deceit of those whom he considered his best friends. I told him the way to be happy was to be *contented*; but this only seemed to increase his violence. He wondered how the devil a man like him could be contented; that once he was so and so, and now he was stripped, and left bare: and that he had toiled to regain what he had lost, but to no purpose. While he was thus fretting, and murmuring against *the ways of God to man*, the deity manifested his hot displeasure, by involving the heavens in tempests, and in horrid confusion poor Jonathan left this world, to experience the reality of "that bourne, from whence no traveller has ever yet returned."

The sullen, and settled gloom which pervaded the universe at this awful juncture, awakened PHILANDER.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

ADELAIDE;

OR, A LESSON FOR LOVERS.

A FRAGMENT.

Translated from Le Poète, ou Mémoires d'un homme de lettres.

[Continued from p. 292.]

We cannot be surprized that a daughter so adorable, and an only child, was in fact adored by a father whom nature seemed expressly to have formed for that character, by making him, in all respects, the best of men. We shall soon see this generous and respectable man in a situation, which shall compel every noble and honest mind to form the most worthy idea of him. Extensively rich, he had been the sole architect of his own fortune; to raise the edifice of which, to its present greatness, he had chosen only two assistants...Knowledge and Probity.... The tender friend of his wife, whom he with reason respected... The idolator of his daughter, who was more than three-fourths of his existence...esteemed and cited with distinction as a merchant...obliging...true in friendship as in trade...gifted with a fund of unceasing gaiety, which cast animation on all around, and had its source in the purity of his actions, his sentiments, and his manners, and in the serenity of his soul, Monsieur R**** presented the striking model for virtuous husbands, good fathers, faithful friends, and what we may call truely hon-

est men. He was about forty years old, of a dignified appearance, and a very handsome man.

As to Madame R****, his wife, she was a woman such as may yet be met with once or twice in an age, and in a country which seems to have conspired to render the species more rare,* ...that is, a woman, of a virtue so austere, that she might have perhaps, carried it beyond its limits, if it were possible to be *too virtuous*. Her severity was, however applied only to herself, and to her own actions. Sincerely religious, she fulfilled with scrupulousness all the duties of her worship. But she had neither that meddling, perfidious charity, that venomous curiosity, nor that acrimonious zeal, which corrode the heart, and most plainly characterise the devotees *à la mode*.

She had never ostentatiously raised the pompous standard of arrogant piety; whose first law is to contemn every thing but herself; in whose odious retinue, are Intolerance, Vengeance, Slander, Calumny, and all that egotism has of the disgusting and the barbarous....In short she did not deem it necessary to devote all besides to the torments of hell, in order to secure to herself the peaceful enjoyment of all the beatitudes of heaven.

She had, as she ought, presided over the education, and had early inculcated in the mind of her child, all the principles which formed the basis of her own conduct. The happy disposition of this beloved child, rendered the labour both easy and pleasant; and it is even probable that without culture, or at least with very little of the care bestowed upon her education, the lovely, the exalted soul of ADELAIDE would, of herself, have developed in their full beauty, the precious flowers of which heaven had so liberally planted the germs in her mind. The satisfactory consequence of her docility, of the innocency of her desires, was the almost unlimited confidence of her mother, whose natural severity was more likely to have shewn itself in a more rigorous governance. To this day Adelaide had proved herself worthy of every thing...Oh! my Adelaide! what crimes have I committed!...what miseries remain for me to disclose!!!...The order of nature may not yet have terminated your career. If you still exist; if by any chance this book fall into your hands; you will see that your lover knows how to render you justice...you will see that his heart, after six lustres, would yet endeavour to heal the wounds which his blind and imprudent tenderness fixed in yours...and you will perhaps renew the generous pardon which you accorded to him on becoming his victim!!!

I improved, without abusing, the permission of visiting in this respectable, and until then, happy, family. Confined within the silent limits of my breast, my love was only evinced by

* It is to be observed that this work made its appearance at Paris, or bears date, in the year 1798; the too great justice of the author's remark will not, therefore, be questioned.

those symptoms which it was absolutely unable to conceal, such as embarrassment, timidity, involuntary sighs, incoherency in conversation, and the spontaneous play of looks: while all those spoke, the tongue was silent: and this punishment, for it surely was one, this punishment endured a long time.

Adelaide...why should I not avow it?...it is not a rake who publishes his pretended good fortune, who boasts of successful gallantries; it is a man...a being endowed with strong sensibility, who recounts the storms of his life of tempestuous love.... Adelaide partook of my torments, for she manifested the same symptoms. It was she who, without suspecting it, accelerated the moment of love, and music was the goddess who united two hearts that long had accorded in secret.

The public taste at that time ran on a Pastoral Romance, greatly esteemed, and worthy of being so, called THE ROSE GIRL, by M. de Sauvigny, author of several distinguished works, and among others the tragedy of *Hirza, or the Illinois*. In this agreeable romance, was a duo full of spirit, the charm of which was doubled by the expressive muse of Monsigny, the musician of the heart. I knew this duo, and Adelaide, who was in raptures with it, nor ever entertained a thought that it might be dangerous, begged me, with great earnestness, to copy it for her. Never had I received a more pleasing commission. The day was named on which I was to take it to her. It was that of the *petite Fete-Dieu*, a festival then observed at Paris. I counted with the eagerness of love the moments which approached me to this day, which I little imagined would be so decisive. I copied the duo, and embellished it with all that the fancy or the pencil could create most speaking to the soul, and most laughing to the eye. It was written on the base of an altar, on which burned two intermingling hearts: two billing doves, suspended in air, crowned with myrtles and roses a smiling Cupid, who lightly ballanced himself on a passing vapour. The design was beautiful.

On a seperate paper I had written the verses which follow, and which will be allowed to contain a declaration sufficiently explicit. I had adapted them to a favourite air of her I loved; and left them with her on my return from the schools the evening before our appointment, to give her time to practise the duo on the harpsichord... ...Judge of the

SONG.

If with secret joy thou'rt mov'd,
When by beauty's smile approv'd,
Ah! unthinking youth beware,
Love but spreads for you the snare:
When once the eyes
Betray the heart,
He mocks our sighs,
He mocks our smart:
He smiles to see the cruel pain,
Of those who sigh, but sigh in vain!

Indifference come, my guardian prove,
And shield me from the tyrant *Love*.

But when matchless grace of mind,
To resplendant beauty join'd
Love's too subtle spell assist,
How, my heart canst thou resist ?
Alas ! I own,
The will how vain !
The pow'r is gone ;
Be mine the chain !
Love, though hope, her aid deny,
Thou must rule my destiny !
Indifference ! hence ; thy chilling breath,
Benumbs my soul with icy death !

Still, O love, a charm is thine,
Those who feel can ne'er define ;
Heaves thy breast ? o'erflows thine eye ?
Rapture prompts the tear, the sigh !
Whilst here I gaze
Devoid of smart,
Full pleasure sways
My throbbing heart :
This sweet nymph to thee I owe,
Take O take my ardent vow,
For thou hast taught my soul to prove,
The pure celestial joys of Love.

Any reflections which I might make on what immediately follows, would be of the most idle inutility. Let us be contented then with a recital of the facts, as rapid as was their occurrence : I am anxious to free my heart from a burthen, that, after a lapse of near thirty two years, presses upon it with undiminished weight.

I arrived at the appointed hour, the afternoon of *la petite Fete-Dieu*. The good Geneviéve was taking the air on the step of the door which was only half opened, because it was a *demi-fete*. M. R**** had gone to dine with a friend, and would not return until evening. Madame R**** exact in all the exercises of her religion, was at church. Adelaide, alone in her apartment, tormented with a head-ache, which had hindered her from following her mother, was at her harpsichord endeavouring to divert her indisposition ; and had ordered, if I came, that I should be shewn up without ceremony.

Such was the order, and such the account given by Geneviéve of the actual state of the house, whose inhabitants were limited to three, Adelaide, the governess, and I. The clerks and others of the shops were gone, each as his pleasure called. What a disposition ! how delightful the solitude !...O love ! I behold thee as centinel...thou delightest in malignantly sacrificing thy victims, and already hast thou stolen the hand to thy quiver, selecting the arrow that must with one wound transpierce both their hearts.

I approached to Adelaide. I found her alone, in the most

seducing negligé possible, with one of those charming caps that give so interesting an air to a patient of sixteen or seventeen years, who has no other malady to disturb her. A dishabille of a dazzling, but less pure white than her skin, distinguished, without constraining, a celestial form, which the stays, then the detestable and destructive fashion, had not been able to injure. In short, it would have been impossible, even had I not already burned for her with the most ardent passion, to have avoided being enflamed, on the first glance of so many beauties, in such a simple, feminine, and elegant abandonment of dress. And indeed I felt myself so affected when she rose, full of nobleness and grace, to receive me, that I changed countenance on the moment. She obligingly came to my relief, by saying "This sir is a punctuality which I consider as very flattering.—" And of which I am sure you did not do me so great an injury as to doubt."—" Oh ! no—I have too many proofs of your complaisance."—" I have heard with much pain that you have been indisposed."—" A slight head-ache—but of no consequence...I am now much better."

After a conversation of this kind, of which the recital would be useless, but which, however, by degrees sets the fibres of the heart in action, we began to talk of the duo. Adelaide boasted of already knowing it, as well as the song which had accompanied it. She asked me, with a bewitching blush if it was written by me?..." And very lately done too, I assure you."..." No doubt...and...forcing herself to smile...for some object of pre---fe---rence?"..." For an object adored...who has long been dear to me...who will always be so...and without whom it will soon be impossible for me to exist."...I spoke this at her feet, where the workings of a love I could no longer confine had precipitated me. I held one of her hands, which I bedewed with scalding tears: my heart had forsaken its mansion, to unite itself to hers, to live with, never more to separate from it.

" O rise! for pity, rise !...if any one...if my good ..." She looked at the door, which I had carefully closed, and which preceded that of the antichamber, that opening on the entrance of any one, would advertise us in sufficient time. Assured of this, Adelaide yielded herself to her too powerful feelings...Her lovely eyes, could not meet the look of mine, swimming in tears of tenderness, without melting in return. She deigned to press my hand with hers which I held. Our reciprocal emotions began to be very expressive..." Come let's sing the duo."..." Willingly."..." I tremble."..." I fear my voice will not be steady." ..." It is yours to begin."... " Where is it ?"..." I am ready."... We commenced the fatal duo, which for a first time went very well.

Adelaide who had only heard it through my voice, could only form a slight idea of it, sufficiently favourable however to make her desire to know it entirely. But by this first, though imper-

fect execution, she was so electrified by it, that she hardly allowed herself time to repose, in her impatience to recommence.

Duo, charming and dangerous duo ! to whom I owe so much happiness and so much misery ! I shall never cease to remember thee ; but I denounce thee to all hearts of sensibility, who fear to yield themselves too freely to enjoyments for which they often pay the price of wretchedness. Let them always suspect thee ! Let them profit by my experience !...thou hast seduced the most virtuous, the purest of mortals !...Thou hast conducted her by paths of flowers to the borders of an abyss, into which all her efforts could not preserve her from falling !...Let them tremble, and banish the daring pride, that tells them they have more virtue or more firmness than she had !

(To be continued.)

For the Observer.

There is no vice, to which man is more addicted in general, than to that of Drunkenness...A vice in itself the most despicable and which is the forerunner of every crime, which man is capable of committing...Spirituous potations when carried to excess, injure a man, both mentally and corporeally....They deprive him of every noble faculty of the mind, and sink the man to a lower degree, if possible, than that of the brute. Drunkenness is the root of all evil. It destroys all virtue within us, and renders the heart callous to every sentiment of honour and of truth.

A drunkard is, of all characters, the most despicable, the most wretched...How often do not men, by habitual drunkenness alone, reduce the woman, whom they have sworn to love and to protect, to poverty, to want ! A wife too, who has, perhaps, been accustomed from her infancy to ease and plenty ; who has fondly flattered herself with the pleasing hope of seeing her children (under her tender and indulgent care) rising to maturity and to honour....Happy in themselves and diffusing happiness to all around them.....But alas ! by the intemperance and folly of her husband, her delusive hopes are blasted...Her children, begging in the streets for a crust of bread, while he who ought by frugality and industry, to endeavour to supply their little wants, is perhaps spending his last penny in a tippling house ! and will return to his miserable dwelling, callous to the piercing shrieks of his distracted wife and the piteous cries of her starving infant children ! !

Father of mercies ! can any man be so base...so criminal !

Oh ! God ! I pray of thee, never let me fall so far below the character of man, as to become a drunkard ! Inspire me, oh Father, with fortitude sufficient to withstand the temptations, which the bottle offers, and grant that I may always guard against drunkenness !

The habitual drunkard is void of all reflection..,were he able

to reflect on the misery, which he has entailed upon himself, and an affectionate and innocent family, would not he strive to amend his life? would he not reform? but if every other consisideration could have no effect upon him, surely the words of the Apostle, would strike terrour to his soul, and rouse him to a sense of his danger. "Be not deceived (says the Apostle Paul, I Cor. vi. 9,10) for neither *drunkards*, nor revilers, nor extortioners shall inherit the kingdom of God."...Dreadful sentence! if this would have no effect upon him, he is indeed lost forever.

The drunkard is a pest to society in general, in as much as he often leads others into the same vice, to which he himself is addicted...By his example, many who were sober men before, fall into the same error...he forces them to drink with him—and by slow, but sure degrees, brings them on, until they become as great drunkards, as even he himself.

Horatio, was an eminent merchant...nay, kind and charitable...He did a good business at first, but misfortune assailed him... He bore up against it for a short time, hoping the fickle dame would once more smile on his endeavours. But alas! his sun had set...to rise no more! He saw his hopes were forever blasted, and, alas, resorted to drink for consolation! Misguided man! He at last became a perfect slave to his bottle, was unable to attend to his affairs...and died in a fit of intoxication, leaving an affectionate wife and three infant children, to beg and subsist on the charity of the passing traveller, or to perish for the want of the common necessaries of life! Alas! how many instances of the same kind are almost daily coming to our knowledge!

Oh! ye drunkards! turn from your evil courses while yet a hope is left! and ye, who are unfortunate, never resort to drink for consolation; but put your trust in that omniscient, omnipotent and omnipresent providence...who never refuses comfort to the real Christian, who has faith in him...Turn unto him and he will comfort thee...Put thy faith in him and ye need fear nothing.

L. R.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

REMARKS ON QURANTINES,

SUGGESTED BY DR. CALDWELL'S ORATION.

(Continued from p. 302.)

It has been already observed that whatever lives, comes into existence, is nourished and terminates its being in a way remarkably similar. The two first are foreign to our present object, the last is to us of the greatest moment, constituting our chief dread, and hitherto deemed, as to the manner in which it is accomplished in our species, wholly inexplicable. There is every reason to believe that the cause of death as connected with disease, will remain forever concealed from us, unless we shall admit that in this instance, as in the two former, we are sub-

ject to the common law, and that, in ascertaining the means by which life is extinguished in other animals, we discover ourselves to be equally obnoxious to the same means. If we can be persuaded that we are necessarily amenable to the common law, then as organs are conspicuous in one animal, that are scarcely visible in another, so the manner in which the tribute of life is paid by one species, may be obvious in that, whilst in another species it is completely concealed.

The following axioms will not be denied.

1st. Every animal has, as to it itself, its open and its concealed enemies by which it is deprived of life, and upon investigation, it will be probably found that the greatest sacrifices fall to the portion of those that are concealed. This concealment is an order of providence commensurate with his infinite goodness; because the presence of an unknown enemy cannot excite that terror which must ever accompany the approach of one that is the object of our senses, especially if deprived of any means of resistence, and from which there are no means of escaping.

2d. The increase of every species of animal is in proportion to the facility of finding food, and consequently the fecundity increases as they diminish in size.

Both these axioms are exemplified in the natural history of the Puceron, as it is termed by the French, known commonly in English by the name of Vine-Fretter or Plant-Louse. The Pucerons rank amongst the smallest of visible insects. Their class is extremely numerous, and consists of many different genera. Some of these resemble, in character, the gall insect, and by accurately considering their manner of life, we are led more perfectly to understand the nature of those tuberosities which often appear, in such number, on different parts of trees and plants. Notwithstanding the minuteness of the Puceron, it affords not less occasion for admiring the great author of all that exists than the largest animals, and this is one of the most important benefits derivable from natural history. It is true, there is nothing in this little animal that exceeds the wonders continually exposed to our view, but we are more capable of being struck by those things with which we are not familiar.

These insects are in general very small, but, for the most part, discernable by good eyes without the aid of a microscope. There are some much larger than others. The greatest number of them come to be furnished with wings, and are transformed into various kinds of flies. A portion of them remain deprived of this benefit; but in the form of their bodies there is no distinction between those with and without wings. The following is the character given of them in Turton's translation of the Linæn system of nature, in which he has profited by the discoveries that have been made since the original publication of that work.

"The minute animals which compose this singular genus, infest various plants, generally in large socities, hindering their growth and consuming their juices: in the spring they are vivaparous, producing their young alive; in the autumn they are oviparous, and by a surprising aberration from the common laws of nature, it appears that one impregnation of the female is sufficient for many successive generations, without the farther assistance of the male," We are indebted to the indefatigable Bonnet for the discovery of this last very extraordinary fact. They are of various colours, the different shades of green, of lemon colour, of black, brown, white and red; and this is often influenced by the colour of the trees or plants on which they feed.

They are often found in large societies closely packed together on different parts of the subject of their depredations, and sometimes they form two beds, stratum superstratum, not seldom exhibiting a hideous appearance. They generally seem to be perfectly inactive; but, if accurately observed, they will be found occupied with what is necessary for their support and growth. They are armed with a minute trunk, which is not discernable but by the aid of a good glass. With this they penetrate the oak buds, and even deep into the bark, and suck the juices necessary to their nourishment. When they form two beds, the lower stratum is less numerous, and insterstices are left by which the trunks of the upper one enter the vegitables and supply their wants, so perfectly is the œconomy of every animal suited to their several occasions.

It happens, in many instances, that the health of the trees, shrubs and plants which nourish particular Pucerons, is not impaired by the wounds they sustain, nor the tribute of their juices which is exacted from them. They appear to flourish and and even to be more vigorous by the excitement, and the expence they experience. But there are families of this insect which occasion much injury. Many of the spots, vesicles, tuberosities and other blemishes, which so much disfigure the vegitable kingdom, are produced by them, either as places of refuge, or for the protection of their young. Reaumur, by whom I am furnished with this information, has treated this subject at great length....By the most unwearied attention, he observed them in all their manœuvres, and accurately traced their œconomy, and the effect produced by their several operations, in curling the leaves, giving issue to the sap, forming with this the various excressences, and other deformities which excite so much disjust in the beholders. One object of their retreat is to secure them from the assaults of their enemies, but their purposes are in a great measure frustrated. There is another and smaller insect also furnished with a trunk, with which, as these pump up the juice of vegitables, they, in their turn, suck their juices in the same manner. In studying the history of insects, or in

minutely attending to their œconomy, it is invariably observable that those who derive their support from vegitables are constantly accompanied by others that feed upon them, either in a living or dead state. The whole scene is highly interesting. The ingenuity displayed by the attacking and the attacked, the means employed for effecting the destruction, and securing the preservation of the several species afford, in every progressive step, new causes of wonder and indeed of astonishment. There appears to be throughout a capacity to reason, to compare, to devise, and to execute, that with respect to the objects in view, could scarcely be equalled by the most expert engineers, or the most renowned leaders of armies. This is the book of nature in which her various modes of accomplishing her innumerable purposes is alone to be comprehended, and the rich rewards that await the toil will ever abundantly compensate the industrious enquirer. It is in this book we can alone learn what is most important for us to acquire, a knowledge of ourselves.

The history of these little animals shews, that there are so many species, and these so prodigiously fruitful, that, it should seem astonishing a leaf or a stem, the branches or the trunks of any plant, shrubs or trees, should not be entirely covered by them; but attentive observation quickly discovers the impediments to this excessive fecundity.....Other insects are found amongst them of many different classes, genera and spieces, that appear to exist only for the purpose of devouring them.....Amongst these, there are many so voracious, as to make it surprising that the whole of the Pucerons, however numerous, should be sufficient to afford them nourishment. Reamur then goes on minutely to describe their enemies at great length, shewing that they consist in a variety, and a number little, if at all short of, what they themselves exhibit. Amongst these he observes, that it is well known that the same instinct which directs certain flies to deposit their eggs or their worms on flesh, cheese and divers kinds of excrements, disposes others to do the same on the leaves and different parts of vegetables where the Pucerons are established. The worms which proceed from these eggs are greedy of prey from their birth, which prey makes no endeavour to escape from them. They come into existence amongst a little race, that is perfectly peaceable, and unprovided with arms, either defensive or offensive. So far from offering resistence, they quietly receive the mortal blows that are given to them, and appear even to be ignorant of the presence of their enemies.

He then describes one species of these enemies to which, from their superiour size, strength, and voracity he gives the appellation of the Lion of the Pucerons. They are furnished with a dart curiously constructed, with which they inflict fatal wounds with great force, and which their objects of attack are incapable of resisting...Their bodies are so constructed, as to admit

of a great variety of motions, which they perform with extraordinary quickness and facility...They peculiarly excite attention when they are employed in chasing and sucking the juices of the Pucerons. There is no animal that pursues its prey so perfectly at ease as this little lion. Couched on a leaf, it is surrounded on every side by the insects on which it feeds. They are often in contact with it, so that it can take them by hundreds without changing its place. The inoffensive Pucerons not only do not avoid it, but they often pass in great numbers over its body. It is not until after it has eaten the greatest part of those by which it was surrounded, that it has occasion to remove to another place as populous as that wherein it had committed such cruel ravages, and where nearly the whole had been destroyed. *(To be continued.)*

VARIETY.

HISTORICAL EPHEMERIS.

16*th of May* 1725...died at the age of 64, *Rapin De Thoyras*, a very celebrated historian of the XVII. century. The revocation of the edict of Nantz, having obliged him, with a great number of reformers, to emigrate to England, he served there with distinction. He soon afterwards acquired a higher reputation by his *History of England*, universally known and esteemed. It was printed at the Hague, 1725 and 1726, in 9 volumes 4to. but the edition of Trevoux, is most complete.

The 16*th of May* 1794...was fought the battle of Mons, in Brabant, between the French and the allies.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

MONODY,

On the death of Miss MARGARET SMITH.

Ah who will wake the boding breath,
Big with the fun'ral cry of death,
  For her, of flow'rs the flower,
In youth's and sweetness' primal morn,
By the rude whirlwind tempest torn,
  Far from its shelt'ring bower!

I, I will weep the sweet, the fair,
  The rose of beauty and the pride of day,
  By thee, O! King of terrors snatch'd away,
In life's fresh spring, and heav'ns first air,
  While round her head a fairy dream,
    Of joys unstain'd with woe,
  (Ah, like the many colour'd stream
    Of the bright ærial bow,)
  Was wove in fancy's richest loom,
  Unconscious of approaching doom.

How vain the hopes we owe to Fancy's aid,
How like that changeful bow, the unreal visions fade.
Untimely lost ! O beauteous star,
And wert thon born for this ?
And is this all of human bliss,
We dimly see from far ?
To thy native realms of light,
Thou'rt fled, and left this world in nghit,—
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
Tender ties endearing ever,
Knitting heart to heart,
Vain are your pleas,
Heav'n's dread decrees
All human ties dissever ;
We only meet to part.

Behold he* beckons her away
To the realms of endless day ;
" Sister, sister do not stay"—
The call is heard—obedient love
Springs to its blessed seat above,
Leaving this world of care,
A prey to tears, corroding sighs,
To speechless grief, accusing cries,
To absolute despair.

Ye partners in affliction, twice the dart
Rankles envenom'd in your heart,
And twice your peace is slain ;
Mem'ry still paints them side by side,
In health's fair vigour, beauty's pride,
Ah ne'er to be beheld again.

Thou'rt gone ! thou'rt gone ! dead, dead those eyes,
And clay-cold is that form,
Which could the wariest heart surprize,
The coldest bosom warm ;
Never unto the charmed sight,
Shall those fair orbs of peerless light,
Their veil of fringe unclose,
That beauteous mein, that graceful form,
Have shrunk before the unpitying storm,
As droops the faded rose.

Ah, what could snatch thee from the tomb,
What, what arrest the tyrant doom ?
Not even that soul-inspired face,
Nor that fair form's bewitching grace ;
Nor worth, nor modest truth ;
Alas ! nor could thy father's pray'r,
Thy mother's tears, nor her despair,
Nor could thy pleading youth,
Nor could thy white-robed innocence,
Woman's chief pride and excellence,
Close up the grave.

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* This yonng lady's brother an amiable and accomplished gentleman, died about a twelvemonth before his sister.

In vain to thee, inexorable power,
They kneel, they weep, they sue, implore,
Nought, nought can save.

Sweet Spirit ! from thy viewless height,
Deign'st thou to cast thy radiant sight,
On this sad scene below ?
Tak'st thou no share in human pain,
Hear'st thou unmoved, the sorrowing strain
Of irremediable woe ?

Ah, no—a minist'ring angel now,
Thou sooth'sts thy parent's grief,
Their frantic sorrows cease to flow,
Thou bring'st a kind relief;
Thou whisperest oft, " Oh, cease to mourn,
" These trials God has given,
" Oh ! joyous is the mouldering urn,
" To such as wake in Heaven ;

" Then cease to mourn—affliction's rod,
" But purifies the soul,
" The chastened sinner meets his God,
" And straight his wounds are whole." D.

For the Observer.

TO CELIA.

Adieu ! henceforth, all hopes of joy,
Adieu, forever, Celia's charms ;
By cruel fate reserved, alas !
To pine away in hateful arms.

Yes, Celia, thy hard fate I grieve,
But, ah ! I do not grieve alone,
Thy love-sick STREPHON mourns with me,
All hopes of joy forever gone.

Thy cruel parents, sure, foresaw,
The ills they'd bring upon thy head ;—
Then, farewell, all my hopes of bliss,
Farewell, alas ! ill fated maid. PHILARETES.

For the Observer.

IMPROMPTU.—A REFLECTION.

Which would thee, if the wish were thine,
Be out of wind, or out of wine ?
Let merchants rule the wind, say I ;
Give me good wine, or let me die !
Physicians, who are always kind,
If paid, will try to give you wind—
But good madeira, while you live,
If you love me, always give.

J. ROBINSON, PRINTER.